

# *Sketch*

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## Changed Smoke

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## Inattention

By Edna L. Schultz

HE WAS saying something, but my mind  
 Refused to hear his words. It was intent  
 On watching his deepened eyes, burning in  
 Their too-blue depths—all that is meant  
 By beauty. I heard his voice, hushed music,  
 Cathedral quiet, and the rain's wet, soft beat  
 On June mornings—all of these, but no words.  
 And he wondered why I asked him to repeat.



## Changed Smoke---

By Ruth Dudgeon

THE POWER of smoke to change bright days to sordid gray  
 Once made me hate its grimy fumes. I thought  
 That I could never find it good. But one day  
 That smoke was not the same; it had caught  
 The echo of my moods, was deeply fraught  
 With meaning.

When winds are speeding low and cold, they snatch my smoke  
 And whip it from the chimney's lip so fast  
 I seem to hear its little chucklings at the joke  
 Of disappearing in the streaming blast.  
 And even when that scurrying day has passed  
 The feeling stays.

Smoke is pluming upward in the pale blue day,  
 So still and slow that it seems apart  
 From the hurrying world. In its curling, dusky fringe I stray  
 In mind to secret thoughts that part  
 Me from my cares, and make my labor-weary heart  
 Find soothing peace.

But I like best the smoke that flaunts to sky and town  
 The flaming banners of the setting sun.  
 The shifting lights exalt my earth-bound thoughts and crown  
 A dreary day with high elation,  
 Ending it with something bright and gay that one  
 Cannot forget.